



AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, EDITOR.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH."

TERMS: \$2 00 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 18. NO. 19.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

VOLUME 28.

WISTARS'S BATSAM OF WILD CHERRY. ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE REMEDIES IN THE WORLD FOR Cough, Colic, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and every affection of THE THROAT, LUNGS & CHEST, INCLUDING EVEN CONSUMPTION.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. No general has the use of this remedy become, and so popular everywhere, that it is unnecessary to repeat its virtues. It works speedily for it, and its efficacy in the abundant and voluntary testimony of the many who have long suffered from all diseases, and by its use been restored to genuine vigor and health. We can present a mass of evidence in proof of our assertions in proof of our assertions.

The Rev. Jacob Secler. Well known and much respected among the German population in this country, the following statement for the benefit of the afflicted.

Dear Sir.—Having read your valuable preparation, I have been induced to try it, and I am pleased to announce to the public, that I have been cured of my long-standing complaint. I have been a sufferer from this complaint for many years, and have tried every remedy, but without success. I have now, however, been cured by your medicine, and I have always been benefited by it.

From Jesse Smith, Esq., President of the Morris County Bank, Morristown, New Jersey.

From Hon. John E. Smith, a Distinguished Lawyer in Westminster, Md.

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Select Poetry.

LYRICS FOR THE TIMES.

Learn to think and learn to labor, Better to wear out than rust; Help yourself and aid your neighbor, On your own exertions trust.

Now's the time to be up and doing, Time once past never can recall; Faith and ignorance lead to ruin, Think and labor, one and all.

Knowledge is a crystal fountain, All who choose may freely drink; Grains of sand will not a mountain, Learn to labor and to think.

Learn your hands and use your brain, Wear mankind's possession with knowledge; How long would a transient rain? How long would a transient rain?

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DEDICATION

OF THE SITE FOR THE BATTLE MONUMENT

AT West Point.

SPEECH OF GEN. McLELLAN.

The dedication of the site of "Battle Monument" to be erected at West Point, in memory of the slain of the regular army of the United States, was dedicated on Wednesday last. There were over three thousand civil military and present. There were a number of distinguished citizens, including Gov. Seymour and others.

Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan delivered the address, as follows:—

All nations have days sacred to the remembrance of joy and of grief. They have thanksgivings for success; fastings and prayers in the hour of humiliation and defeat; triumphs and paeons to greet the living, laurel-crowned victor. They have obsequies and eulogies for the warrior slain on the field of battle. Such is the duty we are to perform to-day. The poetry, the histories, the orations of antiquity, all resound with the clang of arms; they dwell rather upon the rugged deeds of war than the gentle arts of peace. They have preserved to us the names of heroes, and the memory of their deeds even to this distant day. Our own Old Testament teems with the narrations of the brave actions and heroic deaths of Jewish patriots; while the New Testament of our meek and suffering Savior often selects the soldier and his weapons to typify and illustrate religious heroism and duty. These stories of the actions of the dead have frequently survived, in the lapse of ages, the names of those whose fall was thus commemorated centuries ago. But, although we know not now the names of all the brave men who fought and fell upon the plains of Marathon, in the pass of Thermopylae, and on hills of Palestine, we have not less the memory of their examples. As long as the warm blood courses in the veins of man; as long as the human heart beats high and quick at the recital of brave deeds and patriotic sacrifices, so long will the lesson still invite generous men to emulate the heroism of the past. Among the Greeks it was the custom that the fathers of the most valiant of slain should pronounce the eulogies of the dead. Sometimes it devolved upon their great statesmen and orators to perform this mournful duty. Would that a Demosthenes, or a second Pericles could rise and take my place to-day, for he would find a theme worthy of his most brilliant powers, of his most touching eloquence.

I stand here now, not as an orator, but as the whilom commander, and in the fathers of the most valiant dead; as their comrade, too, on many a hard fought field against domestic and foreign foes—in early youth and mature manhood—moved by all the love that David felt when he poured forth his lamentation for the mighty father and son who fell on Gibeon. God knows that David's love for Jonathan was no more deep than mine for the tried friends of many long and eventful years, whose names are to be recorded upon the structure that is to rise upon this spot. Would that his more than mortal eloquence could grace my lips, and do justice to the same!

We have met to-day, my comrades, to do honor to our own dead—brothers united to us by the closest and dearest ties—who have freely given their lives for their country in this war—so just and righteous so long as its purpose is to crush rebellion and to save our nation from the infinite evils of dismemberment. Such an occasion as this should call forth the deepest and noblest emotions of our nature—pride, sorrow, and prayer. Pride, that our country has possessed such sons; sorrow, that she has lost them; prayer, that we and our successors may adorn her annals as they have done; and that when our parting hour arrives, whenever however it may be, our souls may be prepared for the great change.

THE VOLUNTEERS. We have assembled to commemorate a cenotaph which shall remind our children in the distant future of their fathers' struggles in the days of the great rebellion. This monument is to perpetuate the memory of a portion only of those who have fallen for the nation in this unhappy war; it is dedicated to the officers and soldiers of the regular army. Yet this is done in no class or exclusive spirit, and in the act we remember with reverence and love our comrades of the volunteers who fought and fell by our sides.

Each State will, no doubt, commemorate in some fitting way the services of its sons who abandoned the vocations of peace and shed their blood in the ranks—will receive some memento of national love, a nation's gratitude. With what heroism they have confronted death, have waded victory from a stubborn foe, and have it, in the end, become a source of joy to us, for it has been my lot to command them on many a sanguinary field. I know that I but echo the feelings of the regulars when I award the high credit they deserve to their brave brothers of the volunteers.

But we of the regular army have no States to look to for the honors due our

dead. We belong to the whole country. We can neither expect or desire the General Government to make, perhaps, an individual distinction in our favor. We are few in number, a small band of comrades united by peculiar and very binding ties. For, with many of us, our friendships were commenced in boyhood, when we rested beneath the shadow of the granite hills which look down upon us where we stand; with others the ties of brotherhood were formed in more mature years—while fighting amid the rugged mountains and fertile valleys of Mexico—within hearing of the eternal waves of the Pacific—or in the lonely grandeur of the great plains of the far West. With all, our love and confidence has been cemented by common dangers and sufferings—on the toilsome march, in the bosom, and amid the clash of arms and the presence of death on scores of battle-fields. West Point, with her large heart, adopted us all—graduate, and those appointed from civil life—officers and privates. In her eyes we are all her children, jealous of her fame, eager to sustain her world wide reputation—Generals and private soldiers, men who have cheerfully offered their all for our dear country, we stand here before this shrine, ever hallowed sacred to our dead, equal and brothers in the presence of that common death which awaits us all—perhaps in the same field and at the same hour. Such are the ties which unite us—the most endearing that exist among men—such the relations which bind us together—the closest of the sacred brotherhood of arms. It has therefore seemed, and it is fitting, that we should erect upon this spot, sacred to us all, an enduring monument to our dear brothers who have preceded us on the path of peril and of honor which it is the destiny of many of us some day to tread.

What is this regular army to which we belong? Who are the men whose death merits such honors from the living? Our regular or permanent army is the nucleus which in time of peace preserves the military traditions of the nation, as well as the organization, science, and instruction indispensable to modern armies. It may be regarded as general with the nation. It derives its origin from the old Continental and state lines of the Revolution, whence with some interruptions and many changes, it has attained its present condition. In fact, we may with propriety go even beyond the Revolution to seek the roots of our genealogical tree in the old French wars; for the six Atlantic campaigns of the seven years' war, were not confined to the "redmen scalping each other" by the great lakes of North America, and it was in them that our ancestors first participated as Americans in the large operations of civilized armies—American regiments then fought on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Ohio, in the islands of the Caribbean, and in South America, Louisiana, Quebec, the Vore and Porto, Bells attest the valor of the provincial troops and in that school were educated such soldiers as Washington, Putnam, Lee, Montgomery and Gates. These and men like Greene, Knox, Wayne and Steuben were the fathers of our permanent army, and under them our troops acquired that discipline and steadiness which enabled them to meet upon equal terms and often to defeat the tried veterans of England. The study of the history of the Revolution, and a perusal of the despatches of Washington, will convince the most skeptical of the value of the permanent army in achieving our independence, and in establishing the civil edifice which we are now fighting to preserve.

The war of 1812 found the army on a footing far from adequate to the emergency, but it was rapidly increased, and of the new generation of soldiers, many were found equal to the requirements of the occasion. Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, Queenstown, Plattsburg, New Orleans, all bear witness to the gallantry of the regulars. Then came an interval of more than thirty years of external peace, marked by many changes in the organization and strength of the regular army, and broken at times by tedious and bloody Indian wars. Of these the most remarkable were the Black Hawk war, in which our troops met unflinchingly a foe as relentless and far more destructive than the Indians—terrible scourge, the cholera—and the tedious Florida war, where, for so many years, the Seminoles cluded in their pestilential swamps our utmost efforts, and in which were displayed such traits of heroism as that commemorated by yonder monument to Dade and his command, when "all fell save two, without an attempt to retreat." At last came the Mexican war to replace Indian contests and the monotony of frontier service, and for the first time in many years the mass of the regular army was concentrated, and took the principal part in the battles of that remarkable and romantic war. Palo Alto, Resaca, and Fort Brown were the achievements of the regulars and not ours; as to the battles of Monterey, Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo and the final triumph in the valley, none can truly say that they could have been won without the regulars. When peace crowned our victories in the capital of the Montezumas, the army was at once dispersed over the long frontier, and engaged in harassing and dangerous wars with the Indians of the plains. This thirteen long years were spent, until the present war broke out, and the mass of the army was drawn in to be employed against a domestic foe.

I cannot proceed to the events of the recent past and the present without advertising to the gallant men who were so long of our number, but have gone to their last home; for no small portion of the glory of which we boast was expected from such men as Taylor, Worth, Brady, Brooks, Totten and Duonau.

There is a sad story of Venetian history that has moved many a heart, and often employed the poet's pen and painter's pencil. It is of an old man whose long life was gloriously spent in the service of a state as a warrior and a statesman; and who, when his hair was white and his feeble limbs could scarce carry his bent form toward the grave, attained the highest honor that a Venetian citizen could reach.

He was Doge of Venice. Convicted of treason against the State, he not only lost his life but suffered besides a penalty which will endure as long as the name of Venice is remembered. The spot where his portrait should have hung in the great hall of the Doge's palace was veiled with black and there the frame remains with its black mass of canvas; and this vacant frame is the most conspicuous in the long line of effigies of illustrious Doges! Oh, that such a pall as that which replaces the portrait of Maurizio Fallero could conceal from history the names of those, our comrades, who are now in arms against the flag under which we fought side by side in years gone by. But no veil, however thick, can cover the anguish that fills our hearts when we look back upon the sad memory of the past, and recall the affection and respect we entertained toward men against whom it is now our duty to act in mortal combat. Would that the courage, ability, and steadfastness they display had been employed in the defense of the Stars and Stripes against a foreign foe, rather than in this fatal and unjustifiable rebellion, which could not have been so long maintained but for the skill and energy of these our former comrades.

GENERAL SCOTT. But we have reason to rejoice that upon this day, so sacred and eventful for us, one grand old mortal monument of the past still lifts his head among us, and should have graced by his presence the consecration of this tomb by his children. We may well be proud that we were here commanded by the hero who purchased victory with his blood near the great waters of Niagara; who repeated and eclipsed the achievements of Cortes; who although a consummate and confident commander, ever preferred when duty and honor would permit, the olive branch of peace to the blood stained laurels of war; and who stands at the close of a long, glorious and eventful life, a living column of granite, against which have beaten alike the bladders and storms of reason. His name will ever be one of our proudest boasts and most moving inspirations.

In long distant ages, when this incipient monument has become venerable, moss-glad, and perhaps ruinous when the names inscribed upon it shall seem to those who pause to read them indistinct mementos of an almost mythical past, the name of Winfield Scott will still be clear, out upon the memory of all, like the still fresh carving upon the monuments of long-gotten Pharaohs.

THE REGULAR ARMY IN THE PRESENT WAR. But it is time to approach the present in the war which now shakes the land to its foundation the regular army has born a most honorable part. Too few in numbers to act by themselves regular regiments have participated in every great battle in the East, and most of those west of the Alleghenies. Their terrible losses and diminished numbers prove that they have been in the thickest of the fight, and the testimony of their comrades and commanders show with what undaunted heroism they have upheld their ancient renown. Their vigorous charges have often won the day, and in defeat they have more than once saved the army from destruction or terrible losses by the obstinacy with which they resisted overpowering numbers. They can refer with pride to the part they played upon the glorious fields of Mexico, and exult at the recollection of what they did at Manassas, Gaines' Mill, Malvern, Antietam, Shiloh, Stone River, Gettysburg, and the great battles just fought from the Rapidan to the Chickahominy. They can point also to the officers who have risen among them, and achieved great deeds for their country in this war, to the living warriors whose names are upon the nation's tongue and heart, too numerous to be repeated here, yet not one of whom I would willingly omit. But perhaps the proudest episode in the history of the regular army is that touching instance of fidelity on the part of the non-commissioned officers and privates, who traitorously made prisoners in Texas, resisted every temptation to violate their oath and desert their flag—Offered commissions in the rebel service, money and land freely tendered them, they all scorned the inducements held out to them, submitted to their hardships, and when at last exchanged, avenged themselves on the field of battle for the unwavering insult offered their integrity. His-story affords no brighter example of honor or than that of these brave men, tempted, as I blush to say they were, by some of their former officers, who having themselves proved false to their flag, endeavored to seduce the men who followed them in combat, and who had regarded them with respect and love.

Such is the regular army; such its history and antecedents; such its officers and its men. It needs no herald to trumpet

forth its praises. It can proudly appeal to the numerous fields from the tropics to the frozen banks of the St. Lawrence; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, fertilized by the blood, and whitened by the bones, of its members. But I will not pause to eulogize it; let its deeds speak for it; they are more eloquent than tongue of mine.

THE DEAD OF THE REGULAR ARMY. Why are we here to-day? This is not the funeral of one brave warrior, nor even of the harvest of death on a single battle field; but these are the obsequies of the best and bravest children of the land, who have fallen in actions almost numberless, many of them the most sanguinary of which history bears record. The men whose names and deeds we now seek to perpetuate, to render, then the highest honor in our power, have fallen wherever armed rebellion showed its front, to the far distant New Mexico, the broad Valley of the Mississippi, on the bloody hunting grounds of Kentucky, in the mountains of Tennessee, amid the swamps of Carolina, and on the fertile fields of Maryland, and in the blood-stained thickets of Virginia. They were of all grades, from the general to the private; of all ages from the gray-haired veteran of fifty years, service to the beardless youth; and of all degrees of cultivation from the man of science to the uneducated boy. It is not necessary, nor is it possible, to repeat the mournful yet illustrious roll of the dead heroes we have met to honor, nor must I name all those who most merit praise, simply a few who will exemplify the classes to which they belong.

Among the last of the slain, and among the first in honor and reputation, was that hero of twenty battles, John Sedgwick. Gentle and kind as a woman; brave as a brave man can be; honest, sincere and able; a model that all may strive to imitate, but whom few can equal. In the terrible battle which just preceded his death he had occasion to display the highest qualities of the soldier and commander. After escaping the stroke of death when men fell around him by thousands, he at last met his fate in a moment of comparative quiet by the ball of a single rifleman. He died as a soldier would choose to die, with truth at his heart, and a sweet tranquil smile upon his lips. Alas! our great nation possesses few sons like true John Sedgwick.

Like him fell, too, at the very head of their corps the white-haired Mansfield, after a career of usefulness, illustrated by his skill and cool courage at Fort Brown, Monterey and Buena Vista; John F. Reynolds and Reno, both in the full vigor of manhood and intellect, men who have proved their ability and chivalry in many a field in Mexico and in this civil war, gallant gentlemen, of whom their country had much to hope, had it pleased God to spare their lives. Lyon fell in the prime of life, leading his little army against superior numbers, his brief career affording a brilliant example of patriotism and ability. The impetuous Kearney, and such brave generals as Richardson, Williams, Terrill, Stevens, Weed, Saunders and Hayes lost their lives while in the midst of a career of usefulness. Young Bayard, so like the most renowned of his name, that "knight above far and above reproach," was cut off too early for his country. No regiment can spare such gallant men as Gore, Simmons, Bailey, Putnam, and Kingsbury, all of whom fell in the thickest of the contest, some of them veterans, others young in service—all good men and well beloved. Our batteries have partially paid their terrible debt to fate in the loss of such commanders as Greble (the first to fall in the war), Benson, Haggard, Seward, Dr. Hart, Hazlett, and those gallant boys, Kirby, Woodruff, Dimick, and Cushing; while the engineers lament the promising and gallant Wagner and Bross. Beneath remote battle-fields rest the corpses of the heroic McKee, Bassom, Stone, Sweet, and many other company officers. Besides these there are hosts of veteran sergeants, corporals and privates who had fought under Scott in Mexico, or contested with the savages of the far West and Florida; and mingled with their young soldiers, all courageously, steadily and bravely, and without the least shadow of the hope of personal glory. These men in their more humble spheres, served their country with as much faith and honor as the most illustrious generals, and all of them with perfect singleness of heart. Although their names may not live in the page of history, their memories will long be preserved in their regiments as proud a distinction as that accorded to "the first grandeur of France," or to that other Russian soldier who gave his life for his comrades. But there is another class of men who have gone from us since this war commenced, whose fate it was not to die in battle; but who are none the less entitled to be mentioned here. There was Sumner, a brave honest, chivalrous veteran of more than half a century's service, who had confronted death unflinchingly on scores of battle-fields, had shown his gray head, serene and cheerful, where death most revealed, who more than once told me that he believed and hoped that his long career would end amid the din of battle. He died at home from effects of the hardships and the leadership of his campaigns. That most excellent soldier, the elegant C. F. Smith, whom many of us remember to have seen so often on this very plain, with his superb bearing escaped the bullet to fall a victim to the disease which has deprived the army of so many of its best soldiers. John Buford, cool and intrepid; Mitchell, eminent in science, Palmer and many other

officers have lost their lives by sickness contracted in the field. But I cannot close this long list of glorious martyrs without paying a sacred debt of official duty and personal friendship. There is one dead soldier who possessed peculiar claims upon my love and gratitude; he was an ardent patriot, an unselfish man, a true soldier, the beautiful of a staff officer—he was my aid-de-camp, Colonel Colburn. There is a lesson to be drawn from the death and services of these glorious men, which we should read for the present and future benefit of the nation.

War in these modern days is a science and it should now appear to the most prejudiced that the organization and arming of armies, and the high combinations of strategy, perfect familiarity with the theoretical science of war, is requisite. To count upon success when the plans or execution of campaigns are entrusted to men who have no knowledge of war, is as idle as to expect the legal wisdom of a Story or a Kent from a skillful physician.

THE CAUSE FOR WHICH WE FIGHT. But what is the honorable and holy cause for which these men have laid down their lives, and for which the nation still demands the sacrifice of the precious blood of so many of her children?

Soon after the close of the Revolutionary war, it was found that the Confederacy which had grown up during that memorable contest, was falling to pieces from its own weight. The central power was too weak. It could recommend to the different States such measures as seemed best, and it possessed no real power to legislate, because it lacked executive power to compel obedience to its laws. The national credit and self-respect had disappeared and it was feared by the friends of liberty throughout the world that ours was but another added to the long list of fruitless attempts at self government. The nation was on the brink of ruin and dissolution when some thirty years ago many of the wisest and most patriotic of the land met to seek a remedy for the great evils which threatened to destroy the great work of the revolution. Their sessions were long and often stormy; for a time the most sanguine, doubted the possibility of a successful termination of their labors. But from amidst the conflict of sectional interests, of party prejudice and of personal selfishness, the spirit of wisdom and of conciliation at length evoked the Constitution under which we have lived so long. It was not formed in a day; but was the result of practical labor, of lofty wisdom, and of the purest patriotism. It was at last adopted by the people of the States—although by some reluctantly—not as being exactly what all desired, but the best possible under the circumstances.

It was accepted as giving us a form of government under which the nation might live happily and prosper, so long as the people should continue to be influenced by the same sentiments which actuated those who formed it; and which would not be liable to destruction from internal causes, so long as the people preserved the recollection of the miseries and calamities which led to its adoption. Under this beneficial Constitution the progress of the nation was unsurpassed in history. The rights and liberties of its citizens were secured at home and abroad; vast territories were rescued from the control of the savage and the wild beast, and added to the domain of the Union and civilization.

The arts, the sciences, and commerce grew apace; our flag floated upon every sea, and we took our place among the great nations of the earth. But under this smooth surface of prosperity upon which we glided swiftly, with all the sails set before the common breeze, dangerous reefs were hidden which now and then caused ripples upon the surface, and made anxious the more careful pilots. Eaten by success the ship went on—the crew, not heeding the warnings they received, forgot the dangers escaped at the beginning of the voyage, and blind to the hidden maelstrom which gaped to receive them. The same elements of discord, sectional prejudices, interests and institutions which had rendered the formation of the Constitution so difficult, threatened more than once to destroy it. But for a long time the nation was so fortunate as to possess a series of political leaders, who to the highest abilities, united the same spirit of conciliation which animated the founders of this republic, and thus for many years the threatened evils were averted. Time, and the long continuance of good fortune, obliterated the recollection of the calamities of years preceding the adoption of the Constitution. They forgot that conciliation, common interests, and mutual charity had been the foundation, and must be the support of our Government, and all the relations of life. At length man appeared with abuse, sectional and personal prejudices and interests, outweighing all considerations of the general good. Extremists of one section furnished the occasion, eagerly seized as a pretext by equally extreme men in the other, for abandoning the pacific remedies afforded by the Constitution. Stripped of all sophistry and side issues, the direct cause of the war as it presented itself to the honest and patriotic citizens of the North was simply this: Certain States, or rather a portion of the inhabitants of certain States, feared, or professed to fear, that injury would result to their rights and property from the elevation of a particular party to power. Although the Constitution and the actual condition of the Government provided them with a peaceable and sure protection against the apprehended evil, they prepared to seek security in the destruction of the Govern-

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H. C. HOWER, SURGEON DENTIST. RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to all who are afflicted with any of the various operations in the line of the profession, and is provided with the latest improved PARALIN (TERTH), which will be inserted on gold, platinum, silver and rubber bases as looked as the natural teeth.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA. THE establishment, proprietor of the above named extensive establishment, is now prepared to receive orders for ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY, or Collectors, Blast Furnaces, Stationary Engines, Mills, THRESHING MACHINES, &c. &c.

THE CHICAGO DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION. The Chicago Democratic Convention, which we briefly stated last week, has been postponed until the 29th of August. A judicious movement. The measure is approved by the entire Democracy.

"Death loves a shining mark." If that be so, then there is a fair prospect of Old Abe living forever. He's anything but a shining mark.—Ed.

Wonder if the "grim visaged" monster isn't "crossed in love" by Gen. Grant, when he places the colored troops in the rear during an engagement?

Col. L. E. Dana, of Luzerne, is among the officers placed in Charleston by the rebels under fire of our batteries on Morris Island.

A GENTLEMAN, cured of Nervous Debility, Incontinence, Premature Decay and Venereal Error, attended by desire to benefit others, has decided to furnish to all who need it, (free of charge), the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy used in his case. Those wishing to profit by his experience, and possess a valuable Remedy, will receive the same, by return mail, (carefully sealed), by addressing JOHN W. OGDEN, No. 29 Nassau street, New York, Mar 4 1864—3m.